

## Brief Notes

The best way to pray for a blessing is to make good use of those we have.

Discreet parents do not give much money to a child until he knows how to make a proper use of it.

We ought to be satisfied with the knowledge that love always seeks our good, and always with the advice of wisdom.

Human nature is like a spoiled child, who is willing of course that he should have the best things, provided he is consulted always as to what are the best things.

A Priest in a Catholic church mocked his choir from the pulpit, whereupon they immediately resign. If there was as little harmony in their singing as there was good taste and courtesy in the conduct of the Priest, the congregation is evidently one of that kind which is exceedingly easy to please.

"Adversity flattereth no man," but if you will listen to her attentively, she will tell you a great deal of salutary truth. You will come to know a great deal about yourself that isn't perhaps pleasant, but the knowing of it by this means, if followed by the mending of it, will prove one of the greatest blessings of your life.

It takes grace to recognize a blessing in disguise. A careless child received a terrible blow, followed by a hard fall which knocked the breath out of him for a few moments. He thought he was badly treated, and would not be persuaded otherwise, tho they pointed to the flying train from which by this means he had been narrowly rescued.

A sleep-walking soldier near Manila was mistaken for a Filipino, and killed by a sentry. It takes both eyes wide open to keep out of danger in a world like this. One's mind eye should be open, his moral eye, his spiritual eye, and if he has any other good eye, let him prop it open by all means. He will need them all. It is the wide-awake, alert man who succeeds, no matter what he goes at.

Sorrow is not the spoiling of a life, but a preparation for it. We would like to have the joy, and the warmth, and the shelter, and the comfort of the building, without the labor of digging down to the foundations. Earth that has lain long must be displaced. Roots that have grown into their chosen soil must be torn out. We build for time and for eternity. What of the material? and what kind of a plan have we?

"I think only of yachting," said a fashionable young man; "I live for nothing else." "I think only of my gorge," said the pig. "I live for nothing else." "I think only of browsing the grass," said the heifer. The dandy is one of the products of our social system, and one of the chief arguments against it. If great wealth deforms the soul, shrivels it, why, those who represent the spirit of reform ought to preach against it as they preach against sin.

The Empress of Germany publicly reproved Dr. Preuss, a prominent lecturer, for blasphemy. He parodied a familiar German hymn, a form of irreverence which is common in other places besides Germany. Hymns are human productions, but the sentiments of religion, of devotion, of worship, of consolation, which they embody are sacred, and should be held too much in reverence to allow the vulgar liberty of the parodist.

A funeral sermon was recently preached by telephone in Maine. The preacher was hindered from reaching the appointment, but finding a telephone connection he delivered his sermon, one of the deacons standing at the receiver and repeating his words to the congregation. This invisible voice might well remind them of another invisible One, who speaks to men in ways of His own choosing, communicating His word by the instrumentality of "earthen vessels,"—the man who stands at the receiver, and interprets His message.

Dr. Gatling, the inventor of that destructive engine of war, the Gatling gun, has quit manufacturing these weapons, his occupation for the last twenty-five years, and is now making farm machinery. This looks almost like a fulfillment of the prophecy that the sword shall be beaten into a plowshare. Nevertheless there are plenty of people making guns yet, and for the most part the world is neither ready nor willing to convert them into implements of husbandry. The Millennium is not yet.

The Khalifa has got together another army and is marching to attack his British conquerors at Kartoum. At the last battle his whole army of more than thirty thousand men was slaughtered and scattered, and one would think that he had got enough experience of machine guns. But the religious fanatics of the desert, like all their kind of whatever color, divorcing faith from common-sense, have only superstition left, which is much worse than a blind guide.

The great Annual Horse Show has just transpired in New York, but it seemed to be more a millinery show than a horse show. Society people gorgeously apparelled filled the boxes, and gravitated from the discussion of horse flesh to the discussion of Champagne and other dissipations in the brilliant hotels. Nearly all the functions of metropolitan life seem to be designed to show off the boundless vanity of wealth. The whole earth is put under tribute to deck these stuffed mortals.

The Children's Aid Society of New York has just sent 17 homeless boys to Texas farms. This is only one assignment of a great number sent out by the Society. Street waifs are picked up, cleaned, carefully studied and sifted, and such as give promise of reform and development along useful lines are sent far into the country to find homes on farms. Since the natural tendency of population is from the country to the city, the benevolent tendency should be from the city back to the farm.

A workman was going home along the railroad, and was in the center of a high trestle when the Express suddenly whirled around a bend just ahead, and came rushing down upon him. By dint of desperate exertions he reached the end of the bridge just as the train flew past, but, after gazing at it a moment, fell headlong down the embankment, stricken with heart disease. Ways of dying are a plenty, so that it seems to be little use to run from any of them. "Be ye also ready," is the best wisdom.

A train emerging from a thick fog which enveloped the track was upon its victims before they could escape from the flying wheels. The moral is obvious: Don't stand or walk on the railroad track when there is a fog, or when there isn't any. It wasn't built for people who walk. No good can come from taking the wrong road; and then from out that fog of your unbelief, or your life without God, may suddenly emerge destruction in some of its protean forms. We earnestly recommend the "Highway of Holiness" as a good, safe road to travel on.

A man in Milwaukee, Wis., seventy years old, is illustrating in a peculiar way the renewal of youth. His hair which for many years has been gray is turning jet black, as it was when he was a young man. There is no evidence, however, that he has found the elixir of life, and it is not likely that his second youth will exempt him from the common fate. There are those to whom it is promised that they shall renew their youth, that they will never grow old, that they shall never be weary, never faint, never be sick, nor feeble, nor sorrowful. Who are they, and how do they reach a state so blessed?

We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labors, and render to the world a more lasting service by the absence of jealousy, and recognition of merit, than we could ever render by the straining efforts of personal ambition.—Archdeacon Farrar.

## Our Cream Pitcher

Thomas a Kempis

Each part of the Scripture is to be read with the same spirit wherewith it was written.

Phillips Brooks

When you come down from the summits, you do not come away from God. There is no task in life in which you do not need Him. The work bench needs His light as truly as the cloister.

Asa Gray

Nature is complex. The scriptures are complex. It cannot be that in all these years we have learned nothing new of their meaning and have nothing still to learn. Nor can it be we are free to use what we learn in one age, to correct the ideas which we obtain from another.

Rev. Joseph Parker

Bless God for the wilderness: thank God for the long nights; be thankful that you have been in the school of poverty and have undergone the searching and testing of much discipline. Take the right view of your trials. You are nearer heaven for the graves you have dug if you have accepted bereavements in the right spirit; you are wiser for the losses you have bravely borne, you are nobler for all the sacrifices you have willingly completed. Sanctified afflictions is an angel that never misses the gate of heaven.

Charles Culbert Hall, D. D.

Do I need to ask if the tide is going down when I look at the estuary, and see the buoys all heading down channel, and the sand-bars drying in yellow barrenness? Do I need to ask if the early sense of spirituality is ebbing away for lack of the inrush of sanctifying power of Christ when I see that strange and unmistakable secularizing of countenance growing on one who, refusing to let Christ enter and fill the inner life, is becoming used to the hard, muddy facts of sin?

Rev. F. B. Meyer

Be not afraid to trust Him utterly. As you go down the long corridor, you will find that He has preceded you, and locked many doors which you would fain have entered; but be sure that beyond these there is one which He has left unlocked. Open it and enter, and you will find yourself face to face with a bend of the river of opportunity, broader and deeper than anything you have dared to imagine in your sunniest dreams. Launch forth on it; it conducts to the open sea.

Archdeacon Farrar

It is true that we have but our five coarse barley loaves and two small fishes; in themselves they are useless. Well, then, let us give them to Christ. He can multiply them, and can make them more than enough to feed the five thousand. When Zinzendorf was a boy at school he founded among his schoolfellows a little guild which he called the "Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed," and thereafter that seedling grew into the great tree of the Moravian Brotherhood, whose boughs were a blessing to the world.

Phillips Brooks

God frees our souls, not from service, not from duty, but into service and into duty, and he who mistakes the purpose of his freedom mistakes the character of his freedom. When the ice has melted upon the plain it is only when it finds its way into the river and flows forth freely to do the work which the live water has to do, that it really attains to its freedom. Only then is it really liberated from the bondage in which it was held while it was fastened in the chains of winter. The freedom of a man simply consists in the larger opportunity to be and to do all that God makes him in his creation capable of being and doing.